

COMPOSITION

THE FAUSTUS PHENOMENON

BOOK TWO

WINTER, 2012 // 2013

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100%

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A Philosophical Autobiography / Michael William Hentrich

{ A P P A S S }
A B R A S A X

2012.11.09

Ø
Somewhat depressed, but nothing I haven't felt before. The cold winds howl outside, but the sun shines bright. I am tempted to nap on the floor for about twenty minutes.

Anything to ease the general anxiety I feel. That "institutionalized" ~~is not all~~ feeling is not all that bad. Once one fully embraces that one can not adapt to the structure of modern, industrialized, capitalist societies, when one accepts living on the dole as preferable to trying to find a place as a wage slave, one just does one's time like a model prisoner.

Ø
I've been staying at my mother's domicile for 2 months now. In this time my leg has healed a great deal, to the point I don't even need a cane. This has made life more endurable, to say the least. I have also gotten a much needed reprieve from the "streets." Even the local Freehold Boro police have acknowledged that much of my troubles in Freehold may have been a consequence of befriending the jailbird family of misfits that congregate around benches downtown.

While I am on good terms with most, and especially TR, my evenings of wandering around town drunk and singing have been suspended.

7

So, not only has there been physical healing, but also mental healing from cutting down on alcohol consumption, especially early morning drinking and the laid back lifestyle of waiting on "my Brothers" to return from the scrap metal yard with GIN and Noddy-Buddies.

Ø
Was it my time served in the county jail that taught me these secret arts of "ENDURING MYSELF"? In jail, books are very important. An interesting text can give the mind something to reflect upon so that one might remain "inner-directed," maintain some degree of humor, and generally "keep one's head together" in the midst of so many diverse personalities, many of which that may be hostile to intellectual & scholarly activities.

Surprisingly though, I have found most inmates to be open minded when it comes to developing one's knowledge while incarcerated.

Ø
After helping my mother with some insurance claim crap, going to Target $(-26 \rightarrow (-\frac{187}{161} - \frac{161}{51}))$, and going to Inspection Station with The Mother, I guess I am off the hook, i.e., "free". Free to lay on floor, write, read, nap.

Ø
Note: Professor H. Bruce Franklin

The Venceremos (we will win) agenda: Encourage young men
"not to fight the draft. Go to Vietnam and shoot
your commanding officers. Become an airplane mechanic
and learn to sabotage planes... All police and
members of their families must be killed, and
law enforcement demoralized. All jails and prisons
must be opened and inmates liberated!"

Ø
I am able to post certain extremely controversial
statements on my highly concentrated message board,
The Emergency Exit, in which APXSEX Non
Serviam! I do not serve YHWH. I do
not serve Christ. I do not serve Allah.
I mock those who brag about their population
explosion. Let the idiots inherit the earth.
Death, Satan, be my GOOD!

© 10 November 2012 Saturday

So many dreams in my head last night. Smoking trees with
from a huge pipe made out of aluminum foil. One very strange
dream - I was hiding in some kind of closet getting erotic
with myself. I wake up very slowly, trying to feel my mood.

Ø 9
I wonder if I will be able to summon the mood to
read the Marlowe plays out loud. Since I have
already read Doctor Faustus, I want to start
with a different one. Also, the weather is good
for a long walk. I won't be able to resist
this surge for a few shots... of something.
As long as I have enough for tobacco I
and bus back from Freshfield Tuesday...

And yet, the alcohol may have a
depressing effect on me. To I have my
structure, to face the ABYSS, this is
something many people can't bear to do, which
is why they fill their lives with
"purpose", with some kind of "mission"
or "project" - church, clubs, support groups,
political organizations, careers, jobs, etc.
~~There~~ There are those who would oppose,
saying people have jobs so as to live indoors.
People get involved with Churches so as
to feed the hungry. How is it that I
have been able to avoid the traps?

Is it because I have accepted the absurdity
of existence? People are coerced into "doing
something" to "better themselves". I guess I
feel I have bettered myself, and not by society's standards.

Maybe I am 5% of 5% ($\frac{1}{20} \cdot \frac{1}{20} = \frac{1}{400}$) (0.0025)
 I feel more relaxed since disabling the message boards. Now I can continue my studies without feeling the urge to "publish" my findings. Why did it take me nearly 10 years to reach this state of cosmic indifference? I have absolutely no reason to want to get others to see the world the way I do. I don't need to be acknowledged as "brilliant" by a society such as ours. What a relief to have I finally come to my senses!

New term: miserabilist → miserabilist

- Someone who appears to obsess and gloat over gloomy matters.
- One who has looked life directly in the face and lived.
- A person who can just about cope with reality and finds himself on a mission to wake other people up to what he thinks is going on around them.
- A person whose default position to any statement by persons claiming authority is one of skepticism or outright disbelief.

Note. I finished reading Wilson's Rough Messiah. The last four books by CW are read, but in the wrong way.
 Is this disillusionment?

Ø

I lost interest in H.P. Lovecraft's horror fiction, and am more in the mood for dark humor.

- Idea? 1. Chuck Palahniuk c. 2011 Damned
 2. Mark Leyner The Sugar Frosted Nutcracker
 3. Will Self The Butch: an exit strategy
 I could also check out George Carlin's LAST WORDS.

Ø

[I feel so relaxed since I decided to detach from the Internet. I just don't give a shit anymore. I have no desire to drink booze tonight, even though I have enough for a pint. It is out of my system, for now.

I am living as though our entire civilization is a penal colony. I live to eat, sleep, shit, smoke tobacco, drink coffee, read literature, write...

With the cold weather upon us, I just want to hibernate. I have come to certain conclusions, and now I truly am just "dying time." So I have about 7 books to choose from tomorrow.

I still have to follow up on these residences. If I lose rental assistance, I sink deeper into poverty.



23

15 November 2012 Thursday

I slept well on the floor, like a cat or wolf, curled under a blanket. I guess I slept from 10PM to after 7AM ... well over 8 hours and much longer than the usual 5 hours sleep. When I don't have work to greet the brain, there is no motivation to rise, so [the animal body is ironically most relaxed when I am flat broke.]

[I really am a disciple of Arthur Schopenhauer as I do not seek pleasure so much as I try to minimize my suffering. I have no delusions about "romantic love," I no ambitions to gain employment or a geek squad at a local Best Buy or Staples. Although, were I to

settle somewhere in Ocean County this year, I may look into part-time employment if only to add a social dimension to my existence - opportunities to interact with other people, meet some wayward women, and just get a feel for how I would operate in the work force.

First though, I really have to find a place to live. How many are in similar situations?

Nearly half the population in the United States.

At least I have the confidence to refuse to be on psychiatric drugs. I have been suspicious of the pharmaceutical & psychiatric industries for many years.

[When I consider the "traps" many of my brothers and sisters of misery get stuck in, the group homes, the rehabs, the day programs, the mandatory involvement in Twelve Step programs, reporting to probation officers, submitting to urine analysis, it makes me sick - but it also makes me much less anxious about my lack of stability. I am one who avoids traps - traps of employment, traps of relationships, traps of certain chemical addictions, traps of owning a motor vehicle, traps of religious belief, traps of career ambitions. I am disgusted with the status quo, and I make this clear in my total indifference.]

While I fantasize about many attractive women, I have learned to recognize the illusions involved in the process. There is nothing I can do to combat the stupidity that we are bombarded by - with all the propaganda lionizing the military, the police, the gort celebrities, the media whores, the "faithful", the "patriotic".

[How much more authentic my reflections when verbalized in a private diary as opposed to posting on the Internet! There are ideological wars going on, and since I am in the minority, when it comes to my ability to think independently, since I embrace pessimism, skepticism, and deeper understanding, I avoid flocks of believers like the plague. I avoid being at the mercy of the herd.]

Now, do I look on Craigslist for apartments?

Do I make phone calls to possibly landlords? Jamestown Village in Toms River? [I like to go into Freehold... but living there, wandering around town all day, reading my notes aloud under trees, and just speaking in public to those who will listen, seems to invite much criticism.] My mother's "AA sponsor," Mary, although a sweet elderly woman, is a typical busy-body who thinks the Freehold Police had plenty of reasons to incarcerate me: disturbing the traffic. I am sick of the sheepish mentality of God-fearing gorts!]

[I have experienced loss of personal possessions due to chronic homelessness. I've experienced the agony of living 3,000 miles away from anyone who truly cares about me, i.e., my mother. I have scorned the world of being a happy slave for the state. I know what it's like to be categorized as "emotionally disturbed," and I do sense that there are plenty of people in the area who have an inkling of the absurdity of our predicament - and now I have come to be a deadbeat intellectual living on the dole. A chain-smoking, beer guzzling Henry Ford who remains at large, I am an underground philosopher, a truly Dostoevskian character who gets by, who gets through the day, who is leaving a trail of reflections, who has attained a degree of existential freedom by not caring about posterity, career, marriage, faith, or fellowship.]

[I utterly despise the arrogant, pig-headed authorities who presume to be The Higher Power! It's all so much bullshit that I find it impossible to be contrite when standing before a judge at the mercy of status-quo mentalities.]

[Another breakthrough I have experienced since coming to rest and heal at my mother's domicile: I no longer care about maintaining a persona on the Internet.] This is "The Great Detachment."

The apartment complex in Toms River is booked. She says it is due to the storm, but I sense people's prejudice against me when they discover I do not work. Is there a conspiracy against those who refuse to submit to wage-slavery? Evidently.

[So, I can forget Jamestown Village Apartments. What the fuck am I supposed to do? I sure don't want to live in a boarding house, a group home, or some "Easter Seals program" where I would be coerced into a day program and at the mercy of brainwashed busybodies and AA-indoctrinated snitches.]

[These notes could easily document what drives people to suicide. The conventional have the unconventional at their mercy.]

[What good would staying in Monmouth County do? Who would give me a chance in Freehold Boro? Everybody associates me with "the bums." God damn I have such hatred for ignorance! And you can't fight ignorance with intelligence. Intelligence gets crucified by ignorance. I really have lost patience with those who expect me to go along with their OPINION OF ME. I don't want to live in Matawan or Freehold or Asbury Park or Ocean Grove. I don't want to live in Howell or Farmingdale...]

[I don't want to live in Red Bank or Long Branch. I don't even want to live in Lakewood, actually. Hell, I don't want to live period. I don't want to live. And yet here I am. I still exist.] Maybe I would be permitted to live in one of the apartment complexes run by Brick Housing Authority down the road from the library.

Those are for permanently disabled or over 65. I am neither. Besides, they are no longer accepting applications. Not only that, but those complexes are smoke free units for senior citizens and permanently disabled persons. I am starting to doubt if I will be able to find a residence in the Brick area.

I seriously doubt I would be content at Pepe's with no place to prepare meals... and at \$650 per month for one lousy room. This is a path to suicide.

At least it will be well-documented. Hell, this IS my novel. I AM the philosophical anti-hero living on the dole searching for an apartment. The crux of the "novel" are my philosophical reflections in the face of this absurd reality.

Brave New Worlds c. 2011
Damned c. 2011

Ø The Great Bay c. 2010
The Sugar Frosted Nutcracker c. 2012

What I was most impressed by in both Toodle's *A Confederacy of Dunces* as well as Toltz's *A Fraction of the Whole* were characters Ignatius Rilly and Martin Dean, respectively. The manner in which they stubbornly refused to even aspire to be "respectable members of the middle class" was, for me, great affirmation that I am, in a self-imposed, voluntary exile from the middle-class.

I exist fairly content in an economic region many in the so-called middle-class put their noses to the grindstone to stay out of. My ability to scorn the values of the status quo is what empowers me.

What is important? FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHING, MEDICINE (including tobacco, marijuana, coffee). I am most likely less anxious and more calm than those who are so very attached to social status, especially since such status is dependant upon employment/career/authority/social role.

Many individuals are plagued with unpleasant emotional turmoil directly related to their ATTACHMENTS to significant others & possessions.

Is this not a wonderful realization? To fully understand the ramifications of this phenomenon is to better grasp just why there may be a sizeable amount of resentment and petty hatred of me. For people who are miserable in their pursuit of happiness to witness me getting by with so little effort or ambition, to witness how shamelessly I daydream through existence, must infuriate those who I would prefer to put my nose in shit. It must tell some people to fathom that I don't want their career, their position in society, their automobile, or their wife!

I do not worship the figures the rulers would have me put on a pedestal. In fact, I prefer scorning such automatons as soldiers or ambitious bankers, managers, clerks, etc. Maybe this is why I want to hide from Internet. Now I understand I grasp some deep secret knowledge, knowledge which LIBERATES ME.

Knowing that there is nothing to be had in this world,
nowhere I want to go, nothing I want to be,
nobody I want to know, the best I can do
after eating, shitting, ejaculating, writing a little,
is to lay back down on the floor,
curl under a blanket, and sleep - or
just rest. Is it "sinful" to be lazy?
Is it criminal to glude LABOR?
A voice says, "Rest while you can. Steal your
life. The best thing to do with one's life:
Waste it. Nap. Hide. Detach."

Here I let my list for words? After a sinfully restful
two hour nap, the anxiety has lifted. I had
typed a fairly long essay which vanished into the void
when I tried to post it. It doesn't matter.
Does anything really matter in the end? I commend
myself for my ability to shun the internal
pressures to "do something." It is though I
understand that nothing need be done, and that
such understanding gives me a great freedom.
I would make a terrible slave, a terrible soldier,
husband, breadwinner. This is a good thing.

[Could I have discovered a forbidden truth?
The best cure for anxiety is to detach from worry,
to lay down and nap. I defy psychiatry!
Psychiatrists seem to create the new anxiety they
claim to cure. This ability I have for
detaching from mainstream values makes a mockery
of the meritocracy!]

[There is no denying the changes I am going through.
It is as though I have suddenly been
relieved of the burden of an entire mythology,
and that the secrets I have discovered
through deep reflection have given me a
psychological advantage.]

Life has taught me not to want it.
I may find women beautiful, but I know
that trying to win the favor of one
would bring me misery.

What lesson has life taught me?
NOT TO WANT IT.]

I write in these notebooks as a way to endure myself, a way to endure life, that is. I don't really hate people, but I do prefer to be alone. Maybe this is why I write so much, why I am such an avid reader. I do isolate. I am very much a loner, an atheist, even. [People are unable to manipulate me with threats of Hell. Hell does exist, but it is here on earth... prisons, war, rape, etc.]

[I am actually not too heartbroken at all about having to leave Freehold Boro. The constant harassment was really getting on my nerves... That Officer Hech. I think he must be a mental degenerate. He was told to "run me out of town"? By who, the fucking wealthy mayor? The town is small, and it seemed as though the conventional deprived people kind of pick pleasure judging me for "hanging with the 'bums'." I do hate phony society and the way I am judged, slandered, and hated on. It most likely has to do with my total lack of respect for the phony artificial hierarchy of social status, i.e. "money," "property," etc. When some moron in a BMW drives by calling me a

loser, I see red. I much prefer the company of so-called "losers." The thing is, I have become known in areas in Monmouth County, known as a philosophically intelligent man who is not going to kiss ass just for a job. So, store-owners and the proprietors may despise me, police may be out to harass me (in Asbury Park and Freehold Boro), and the streets may see me as an easy target.

This is the given
from life.

I really am at a point in my life when I would prefer a great deal of solitude. I really hope I find something in the Brick area, but I may have been blacklisted. If I've been blacklisted in Monmouth and Ocean Counties, maybe I am finished in New Jersey. I have to be able to live near my mother as she is aging without having to live in a group home.

I will persevere. I'm even losing the compulsion to drink alcohol on a regular basis.

Maybe I will be able to focus more on cooking nutritious meals when and if I find a place with a kitchen. I have gotten used to my life as a dead-beat scholar. It's not an issue for me.

Ø

Here I go again... I am taking another chance, going to the bank to withdraw \$300: \$50 for a non-refundable fee for application and \$200 to hold the apartment. If I am NOT APPROVED for the place I get the \$200 back.

Why would I be approved if I were denied by Natchtown Manor? Marc Hampton Apartments is now haunting me! I was never evicted, but just going to court for the process has placed me on some kind of black list!

I have to take a chance. If I am denied, not only do I lose the \$50. I also feel that I am DEAD IN THE WATER as far as section 8 goes. I have to at least try a second apartment complex.

If I get denied, I can resort to pleading, saying that it was my first apartment back in 2005-2007, and that I have learned many lessons since then. Needless to say, I am quite nervous. Fear of the Unknown.

Ø

I need a place to hide! Why do I need a place to hide? Because I want to drink vodka and sing? That young woman - Jamie... she and I connected.

©

21 November 2012 Wednesday

I can't hide from the ugly truth, nor can I get away from myself. I don't like who or what I am. ~~He~~ I have been conditioned to lie to myself so as to endure being me. Eventually I will commit suicide, but it won't be because of capitalism or any oppressor. It will be because of life itself. I am life and I hate life.

Ø

I laid down all morning just to give myself a break from myself. Maybe a walk will help.

©

22 November 2012

Thursday

Wow. I sunk into such a deep depression yesterday, but am finally coming out of it. I am utterly relieved I to have been approved for the apartment at Kentwood Village in Brick - just 4.5 miles from Mon.

It is good for me to get out of the bow of Freehold! Now I will just have to start over. No radio. No kitchen supplies. No computer. No drums. I will begin again 2013.

I had drunk so much that I felt like I was losing my mind. I am spending a quiet, calm day with my mother. No desire to be inebriated - letting the body heal.

Ø

It is amazing how bored I've become with the Internet. I am not too concerned at all about not having a computer or access to the Internet when I move into the apartment 5 miles down route 70 (east) from Mom's place. I don't mind that I have no furniture or "entertainment." I can take long walks to the library. I don't want to abuse alcohol in solitude for I see this makes my depression even worse. A little sunshine, please!

It will be much like Federal Way, but my mother will be very much a part of my life.

I will be close enough that she can pick me up whenever she needs my help. Maybe I will even meet a woman at Kentwood Village. First I have to get some pots, pans, utensils, bowls, plates, coffee machine. A simple life. A loner. Just doing time.

No ~~more~~ "buddies" to rile me up. A new beginning! Gotta detach from Freehold. I will also detach from The Internet.

Σ 4 Σ

DEEP BREATHS

It will not be too difficult to detach from the Internet as I really have become sick of it. It may be a good time to embrace silence. How will I occupy my mind when living in an empty apartment? TV is not necessary. That young woman, Jamie, was so kind. I do want to behave there.

No loud music... I can get all my notebooks from St. Mary's attic. Three chests filled with literature - and the monitor. Maybe I can pick up an inexpensive desktop computer and write a book.

What else am I to do with myself? Meditate, masturbate, and lots of walking. Far from Freehold, but I will still be able to get there and back for \$10.

While helping Mom with cooking today, I may get ~~some~~ back into reading the books I got from the library. I may live in a prison-like world, but my love of studying may enable me to remain somewhat content.

φ

Napping while the turkey is cooking helped to heal my body even more, and my spirits are beginning to lift. I owe my mother my life, my sanity. She appreciates this decision I have made to live close to her. For me, being close to my mother as she ages motivates me to make an effort to stay out of trouble. Getting out of Downtown Freehold was the most sane move to make. Were I to have set up a tent in the woods, I surely would have run into trouble.

Moving in January 1st, 2013 is very symbolic - a fresh start? I had become too known in my hometown, and living in the barrio on Marcy Street made me feel very lonely as I was surrounded by Hispanics everywhere. The Puerto Ricans next door resented me, not just because of my music, but because their ypid became a hangout for my "disreputable drinking companions."

Nobody knows me in Brick, surrounded by highways, who will be knocking on my door? I was a sitting duck getting humiliated by the streets, my "brothers." I couldn't lose Tommy Rogers who had become my permanent side kick. Officer Healy harassed me constantly. I was becoming more and more bold in my ranting against the traffic.

Since ~~while~~ there will be no soup kitchen or food bank, I will have to manage my funds more wisely, spending more money on groceries, and less money on alcohol, and kept cleaner. The apartment in Brick is much cleaner than the shit hole on Marcy Street, which was infested with cock roaches. Terrible landlord - a real cockroach himself. I did not like him from the start.

Now, in Ocean Grove I had problems even though nobody was bothering me. The problem was the rages I went into when drunk - that and the singing.

Will I be able to behave at Kentwood?
Will I sing? Perhaps. There is a bath tub.
I am sure to talk to myself.

Mom and I are about to feast... shrimp and then the main meal within about an hour. The family always divided... my sister has made it clear she does not want my mother or I around her, especially on these holidays. This makes sense - me being near Mom.

For more than 7 years I have been bouncing around from one disaster to the next... actually this has been a roller coaster ride since 1998! Sixteen years of instability, basically unemployed the whole time, since I was 30.

Now, at age 45, I take deep breaths. I enjoy ice water immensely. Time to heal. Time to lay low and stay under the radar. No more bizarre behavior!

No possessions... I will use jailbird intelligence, appreciating the basic necessities. Isnt it all a state of mind? Surely I can pick up a basic radio with a tape deck just to have basic music and news. No TV necessary! So what if people think I am a weirdo for not having a TV. I dont want to pay for cable. Besides, I would prefer reading.

Now, I will not be entertaining anyone. My apartment will not be a hang-out. I have learned how to sleep on blankets on the floor. I have done this since Federal Way; then Asbury Park, then Freshhold, and here at Mom's. Kentwood Village is like Fred's Federal Way...

the water
the bar

Comps

NEED

SHELVES

BOOK

DESK

Reading

TABLE

CHAIRS

Once I get over the tyranny of public opinion and embrace how blessed I am not to care about the meritocracy of the status quo, I can rept with my rich inner life, laughing hysterically at the poor gorts beating each other up on Black Friday for flat screen TV's - TV's I dont even want. Some people must feel intimidated in my presence wondering how someone could not want to sit ZOMBIFIED in front of a television watching jackasses worship automobiles. Ah... I do not envy anyone sitting on a sofa with their life-partner subjected to "mandatory must see movies on DVD"!!!

How cruel a writer might become were he to be bitterly honest about those he has encountered. Does this make for a very lonely life? Who would want to become the focus of a writer's attention?

Also, who can be so utterly honest in trying to know who and what one actually is to admit proudly that one does not know? WHAT THE HELL ARE WE? Nevermind WHO!

I certainly will not be "at a loss" without access to the Internet. It's not like I don't have other ways to "do my time." Some people think so little of us that they imagine we need structure and routine, be it a job or volunteer work, or a day program filled with mumbo-jumbo group therapy where insurance companies pay a couple hundred dollars per hour per person for mandatory "treatment." This is a very lucrative industry - the cult of work.

If one is not embedded in the work-force, the zoo-keepers want to see you working on your issues so that you are at least striving to become a "productive member of the community."

Once I was accused of wanting to just "sit on my ass all day." The woman who made the accusation was a bit chunky. She mostly sat on her ass all day as a "mental health technician," so imagine how insulting this was (to my intelligence) coming from her. She evidently presented me with preferring to spend my life thinking, walking outdoors, preparing my own meals, and occasionally (if not frequently) engaging in the ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR OF INEBRIATION.

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I like to get all this shit, all these details, straight in my mind before the 3rd. I write checks for the utility bills still due for Mary Street Disaster. Because I failed to notify the utility companies, I am responsible for the utilities used ~~from~~ in September and October. Fuck it. A \$120 lesson.

Pricks. Just like the cockroach landlord; PRICKS.

Heartless scumbags. I am pelted not to be "the guardian of that haunted house" with that foul basement, nasty plumbing, and cockroaches. Oh my god, those fucking cockroaches! Holy Christ! They were coming out of the fucking sockets and I depriving my diaries! I was like running a flop house for lost souls: TK, SB, Roden J, and the morning runs to the scrap yard. Holy Fuck. It was very COMICAL. I displayed the patience and modesty of a supernatural being! Not to mention the few disastrous episodes with big ass little Loring and my broken leg fixers. Memories. Golden fuckin' memories of Puerto Rican family staring in my windows from their back yard.

I sure as hell don't regret moving out of that Hell Hole. My best revenge is living well. Now when I go through Freehold and ANYONE inquires where I am living, I can say BRICK, but NO DETAILS. PLAY DUMB MIKEY.

© 2 December 2012 Sunday

Break through to the other side. Revolutionize the art of writing. Listen. Look. Learn. Writing as a strategy for blocking out stupidity. Our culture is obsessed with television and video - huh?

When I move into the apartment in Brick in January, soon after that, one day my brother-in-law may help me by transporting my memoirs to the print. They will be kept in the chests, and the chests can be utilized as places to sit. I will hang the large dream catcher on the wall in "living room". It will become my "mom's cell." I'll look for an old computer - just the CPU. I can begin working on Volume 2 of my RECORDS.

Until I move, I will wean myself off the Internet. When I disappear, that is that, a new phase of my life will have begun. My main activity indoors besides cooking & eating & sleeping & defecating will be going through those records. I can place bookmarks in sections worth transcribing.

I am still a little fainthearted. Until I hand the security deposit to Jamie and have the keys to the door, there is still a fear of the unknown. Also, never knowing if my mother will be killed in a

vehicular misadventure forces me to always be ready for that shock. Maybe I ought to go with her to church today as a passenger. I can wait in the car. I actually enjoy going through old notebooks more than reading other's novels.

Of course, I am relieved that tomorrow is the third. Going to Freehold for tobacco and the Thrift Store is a ritual that brings me joy. It's a simple kind of joy, but seeing familiar faces in Freehold Boro is magical for me. To be seen walking without a cane gives me satisfaction. To converse with the people!

If I can leave the Lakewood terminal by 10:30 AM, get to Freehold Center by 11 AM, go to bank, get money order and tobacco, I may be able to hit the Thrift Store before breaking bread at St. Peter's. Either way, I should be able to get to B by 1 PM. After that, I am free to walk into the woods. There is always this excitement mixed with anxiety on the day the government relief check hits my account. This must be a universal experience. The old G's call it "Mother's Day".

Well, I am a ward of the State. No shame in my game, as they say. Hell, I am trapped at Leisure Village. Of course I look forward to a day away!

BEEF LIVER * (Rinse liver under cold water!)

For a 2 pound serving 4 at $\frac{1}{2}$ pound each

full 2 pound	single $\frac{1}{2}$ pound
1.5 cup milk	$\frac{3}{8} < \frac{1}{3}$ milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{16}$ cup butter
2 large onions	1 small onion
2 cup flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour

(rinse H₂O) * Let liver sit covered in milk as long as possible.
The longer the better < 2 hours

Cut onion into rings. melt 2 tbsp butter in pan
Sauté onion rings until soft; remove onions

Melt the rest of the butter
Season flour with salt & pepper

Drain milk from liver; coat liver in flour

Turn heat up to medium-high
Put coated liver in pan; fry until bottom is brown
Turn and brown other side. reduce heat
ADD ONIONS. Fry until barely red.

Meatloaf [LA TIMES]

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground beef
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{lb} sausage

1 can stewed tomatoes
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup croutons

1 tablespoon chopped onion, salt
1 tablespoon WORCHESTER sauce
1 egg, 1 teaspoon thyme
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup

Put tomatoes in saucepan. Heat.
Beat in 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup croutons,
mix Worcester & onions, thyme, salt,
meat & sausage. Put in loaf pan.
(Put baking pan under it).

Bake at 350°F for 1 to 1½ hours.

Swedish Meatballs ~ 20 minutes

1 egg
1 tsp salt
1.5 lbs beef
Ground NUTMEG $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp
ALLSPICE $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp
BREADCRUMBS $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

Cornstarch 2 tsp
Long Mustard SQUIRT

mix in bowl, make small balls
cook in PAN medium/hot,
then lower (turn)

for gravy MASH POTATOES!
Also: Buttered noodles

Hamburger Starch [Nancy Ely]

cooking time 1 hr. preheat oven 350°F

1/2 lb elbow Macaroni

1/2 lb BACON

2 green peppers

2 ONIONS

1 Tomato Soup

1 can Cream of Mushroom Soup

2 pounds ground beef

2 cans Altura Sauce (or 2 cans Tomato Sauce)

2 cans sliced mushrooms

Salt, pepper, cheese

Cook macaroni elbows in large skillet

Fry BACON, cut in pieces

Brown chop meat in separate pan (drain)

Saute chopped peppers & onions in bacon fat.

Simmer 15 MINUTES.

Add soups, sauce, mushrooms & liquid seasonings

Add cheese slices

Put macaroni in large casserole dish.

Add cheese slices, BAKE at 350°F
for 30 MINUTES.